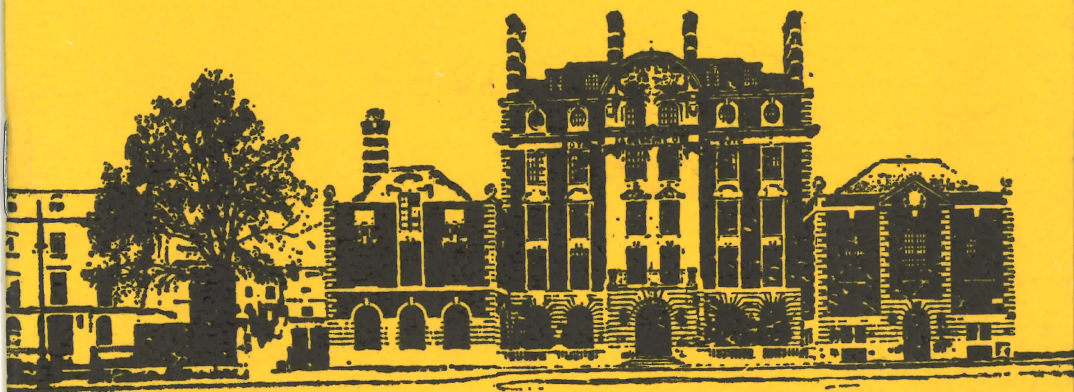
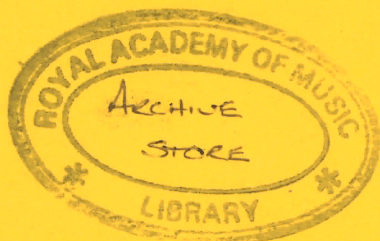


# The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 222 Spring 1980



# The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club and Students' Union

**Editor Robin Golding**

No 222 Spring 1980

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## Contents

- 2 Editorial
- 2 Nicolas Medtner – a Centenary appraisal *Hamish Milne*
- 7 New Orleans Jazz, 1979 *John Gardner*
- 9 Howard Blake's 'Benedictus' *Ian Lace*
- 11 The international Children's Opera Summer School *Nicholas Wright*
- 13 Obituary:  
Wilfrid Parry *Gareth Morris*  
Winifred Small *Derek Pain, Monica Wykes*
- 15 Reviews of New Books and Music *Sir Anthony Lewis, David Owen Norris*
- 17 Letters to the Editor *Paul Steinitz, Sidney Harrison*
- 18 Notes about Members and others
- 21 RAM Club News *Jeffery Harris*
- 23 RAM Concerts
- 27 Students' Union Report *Richard Knott*

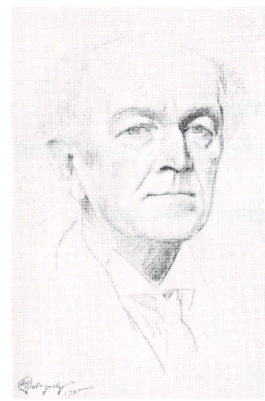


From the total lack of response to the plea expressed in the closing paragraph of my last Editorial, for contributions from students, I can only infer that, either students do not read their *Magazine*, or that they are too engrossed by their music to afford time for literary exercise; or could it simply be another aspect of that apathy to which Dr Paul Steinitz alludes on page 17? Whatever the reason, since the only student contribution this time, as last, is the 'Editorial' submitted—with exemplary punctuality—by the President of the Students' Union, I have given it a different title, as it seems rather hard on an Editorial if it also has to do duty as a coda (to say nothing of exposition, development and recapitulation).

Builders' promises being what they are, we are still Kitchen-less, and so used to plastic cutlery and paper mugs that we shall hardly know how to use real eating irons if and when we ever see them again; though as I write there are at last faint signs that the paving stones of the forecourt may be re-laid before long. The culinary rigours of the Autumn Term were, however, considerably relieved by generous doses of JS Bach, the Composer of the Term, not least in an integral performance of the six Brandenburg Concertos on 15 November, and of five cantatas during Review Week, all directed with style and affection from a sweet-voiced portative organ by Kapellmeister Peter Lea-Cox. Would that the cause of Ravel, this term, could be so picturesquely served!

## Nicolas Medtner—a Centenary appraisal

Hamish Milne



Nicolas Medtner  
from a portrait by  
M Dobujinsky

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nicolas Medtner, which fell in January this year, coincides opportunely with the growing interest in his work which has gained momentum in recent years. It can hardly be termed a 'revival' of interest. Here is a case of a composer who received little popular acclaim during his own lifetime despite early successes in Moscow, although he was held in the highest esteem by many musicians, including Ernest Newman, Horowitz, Moiseiwitsch and, above all, his great friend Rachmaninov.

Paradoxically, Rachmaninov might seem to have contributed to Medtner's eclipse in that he succeeded (in a crudely material sense, at least) in those fields where Medtner struggled and failed to make his mark. In fact many have quite mistakenly assumed Medtner to be merely a pale reflection of Rachmaninov. True, they were lifelong friends and each greatly admired the music of the other. They also shared an extremely conservative, even reactionary mistrust of Richard Strauss and Debussy and a downright aversion to late Scriabin and Schönberg.

In spite of this there are fundamental differences in their creative personalities and to approach Medtner in the hope of encountering the overwhelming emotional sweep of Rachmaninov will often invite disappointment. The rôle played by Tchaikovsky in Rachmaninov's musical ancestry is assumed by Beethoven in Medtner's, and it was perhaps his preoccupation with structural and contrapuntal finish that earned him early on a reputation as a 'connoisseur's composer'—to which the unthinking added the tag 'academic'.

Nikolai Karlovich Medtner was born in Moscow on 5 January 1880 (24 December 1879, by the defunct Julian Calendar then still in use in Russia). As the name suggests, there were German antecedents (also Danish), but the family had been established in Russia for generations. His father was manager of a large lace

factory, an industrious, perhaps rather consciously cultivated man who saw to it that reading, concerts and the theatre played a prominent part in family life. While this undoubtedly had a significant effect on his five children, it is certain that a more direct and decisive influence on Nicolas was the passion for both Russian and German culture of his elder brother Emil, who after reading law at Moscow University led a varied career as a writer, critic, philosopher and later as assistant to Jung in Zürich. He remained Nicolas's intimate confidant until his death.

After early lessons from his uncle Fedor Goedicke (father of the gifted but forgotten composer Alexander Goedicke), Medtner decided unilaterally, at the age of twelve, to enrol at the Moscow Conservatoire. That family misgivings were overcome was largely due to the insistence of Emil, and in 1892 Nicolas duly joined the piano classes of Professors Pabst, Sapelnikov and eventually that of Vassily Safonov, through whose hands had recently passed Rachmaninov, Scriabin and Josef Lhevinne. He also attended the counterpoint class of Taneiev, although he later maintained that he was largely self-taught as a composer. As a pianist he graduated in 1900 with a gold medal, and the proud Safonov presented him in Moscow and St Petersburg in his prize-winning concerto, Rubinstein's fifth. Safonov was preparing for an extensive conducting tour of Europe at the time, and was so delighted with the success of his young protégé that he arranged for him to play the same work in several European centres. Furthermore, each concerto appearance was to be followed by a recital programme carefully designed by Safonov to display his pupil's technical prowess.

Here we encounter for the first time the curious streak of obstinacy that contributed to Medtner's lack of commercial success throughout his life. His proud refusal to compromise to the slightest degree over what he considered to be artistic principles led repeatedly to differences with conductors and entrepreneurs and virtually disbarred him from fashionable enclaves wherever he went. At times it seems that his mistrust of easy success stemmed from some fear that it would corrupt his ideals or stifle his inspiration. In this instance, he informed Safonov that he could not face the thought of playing the programme chosen repeatedly, that he did not think much of Rubinstein's concerto anyway, that he wanted to get on with his composing and therefore declined to go. Safonov, one of the most influential figures in Russian music, took some years to forgive him, and his family were naturally horrified, but were pacified once more by brother Emil, this time with the support of the *éminence grise* Taneiev.

True to his word, Medtner applied himself wholeheartedly to his chosen task. The products of those years show an extraordinary technical precocity and his lyrical gift already in full flight. Many years later Rachmaninov remarked in an interview, 'It is incredible how many stupid things I did at the age of nineteen. All composers do. Only Medtner from the beginning published works that it would be hard for him to equal in later life.' Even his Op 1 (*Eight Mood Pictures*) shows most of his characteristic traits, and the succeeding works—which include the first of his fourteen piano sonatas, his first *Skazki* (*Fairy Tales*), the opulent *Dithyrambs*, the *Sonata-Triad* and more than a dozen songs—eloquently support Rachmaninov's view in a style that was not to change radically over nearly half a century.



He continued to play in Russian cities and occasionally in Germany, but his programmes now concentrated on his own music, although his playing of Beethoven was equally admired. His recording of the *Appassionata* Sonata, Op 57, reveals a blend of concentrated emotion and structural discipline which accords with his own music, and his interpretation of the fourth Concerto made a deep impression on all who heard it. Medtner's own cadenzas to the first and third movements, though personal (and therefore somewhat anachronistic) further reflect his deep love and understanding of Beethoven.

This very devotion to Beethoven was the cause of further alienation from the musical establishment in Moscow. Since his marriage to a fabulously wealthy tea-heiress Koussevitzky had become perhaps the most powerful single man in Russian music, not only as conductor but as promoter and publisher. In 1911 he invited the illustrious Mengelberg to conduct in Moscow and St Petersburg and chose Medtner as soloist in Beethoven's fourth Concerto. At the rehearsal it was clear that there was serious disagreement over tempo. Medtner maintained that the first movement was far too fast and the last movement too slow. Mengelberg retorted, 'Just follow me, young man, and everything will be all right', whereupon Medtner closed the piano and left the hall. Koussevitzky strove to reconcile the parties, but eventually the concerto had to be struck from the programme.

Although he stayed aloof from the traditionalist and modernist cliques, Medtner's outspoken comments on modern music naturally aligned him with the conservative brigade. He later set out his views in a book called *The Muse and Fashion*, but for the time being he was prone to verbal squibs like, (of Prokofiev) 'If that's music, I'm no musician.' Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* he considered positively evil, while Scriabin, whose early work he had much admired, he thought had gone mad. All this was fuel to those who derided him as a crusty academic, as was the label (Medtner loathed it) 'the Russian Brahms' which some critic had stuck on him. At heart, Prokofiev was one of Medtner's greatest admirers and played his music often before finally tiring of the other's withering abuse.

Although only thirty-seven by the time of the Revolution, Medtner had written many of his finest works, including a stream of magnificent songs and the epic piano Sonata in E minor, inspired by Tyutchev's poem *The Night Wind* and dedicated to Rachmaninov who, after the first performance, 'stood applauding until the lights were put out'. From these years dates another monumental tragedy, the first piano Concerto, a vast, intricately constructed single movement of interlocking and elaborately cross-referenced thematic complexity into which (he wrote to his brother Emil), 'I feel I have poured an immense amount of myself and although it may sound ridiculous, I believe that Brahms never dreamed of such music [a reference to the detested 'Russian Brahms' tag]. I say this not in a boastful way; I am not thinking about myself. I may have a long way to go before I can approach Brahms; he is a fabulous master. I am thinking rather of my muse, who might be seen as the sister, or rather the daughter of Brahms, and I wouldn't argue with that.'

His reference to his 'muse' as an independent being perhaps explains something about his unswerving devotion to composition as distinct from his own career or material advancement. In a more Schumannesque and secretive way he

displays this psychological trait in his setting of a Pushkin poem actually entitled *The Muse* from which he quotes in his Sonata-Ballade and again in the piano Quintet, a work of his very last years which (like the first Concerto at an earlier age) represents a conscious summing-up of long-nurtured ideas.

Medtner did not leave Russia immediately after the Revolution, but it was predictable that he would be unhappy in the volatile and disruptive atmosphere of post-revolutionary Moscow. When he did leave, in 1921, it was also predictable that he should head for Germany, where he spoke the language and was known as a pianist. Rachmaninov greeted him warmly from America: 'I am so happy that you are in Europe where I shall be able to see you... Only too seldom do I meet true musicians. Perhaps you are the only one left.'

The frenetic Berlin of the 1920s, of Brecht, Weill, Hindemith and Isherwood's Sally Bowles, was unlikely to take to its heart the music of the retiring Russian conservative, and his music made little impact although he did find himself a German publisher, and was in some demand as a pianist for a while. Rachmaninov, already a huge success in America, was a tower of strength, sending gifts of money as well as advice and encouragement and it was largely through his efforts that Medtner and his wife were able to spend the year 1924-5 on a profitable tour of the United States to alleviate their by now chronic financial anxiety. Koussevitzky, too, put the Mengelberg affair behind him and engaged Medtner to play in Boston.

From America the Medtners returned not to Berlin but to Paris where they were able to live more cheaply. However, the disparity between Medtner and contemporary musical fashion in Paris was even greater than in Berlin. The irreverent iconoclasm (as they saw it) of Stravinsky and Prokofiev was chic to Parisian eyes, especially as both retained something of the glamour of their association with Diaghilev. That was what modern Russian composers were supposed to be like, and Medtner was ignored. Their few friends were mostly fellow émigrés, and of French musicians Marcel Dupré was virtually alone in giving his wholehearted support and friendship.

Meanwhile the conservative group of musicians back in Moscow (headed by Glazunov and Medtner's cousin Alexander Goedicke) begged him to return to take up a teaching job at the Conservatoire. This he declined, but in 1927 he made a final tour of his homeland which was by any standards a triumph. His second Concerto was premiered and his recitals were rapturously received. After his struggles in Europe, the warmth of the welcome must have been overwhelming. Over a hundred Russian musicians signed the welcoming address delivered at his opening recital in Moscow. His return, they said, 'filled them with joyous excitement, supreme gladness at being once more in the presence of one who—in Pushkin's words—"makes God's world burn in the heart of man"'

Nonetheless, when the itinerary was over Medtner doggedly returned to his quiet life in Paris where he resumed composing, his style unchanged and his inspiration undiminished by his circumstances. The second *Improvisation* for piano, two more grand piano sonatas—the *Romantica* and the *Minacciosa*—and the *Sonata Epica* for violin and piano are only the largest of his works to be composed in the quiet Paris suburb; in addition, he



added significantly to his growing collection of songs and *Skazki* for piano.

Money was a constant problem, and a further tour of America almost ended in disaster when a cheque for the proceeds bounced. It was again the noble figure of Rachmaninov who stepped in and 'bought' the worthless cheque at face value. On another occasion, Medtner sat up all night in a London hotel with a high temperature, knowing that if he went to bed he would be unable to get up in the morning to fulfil a BBC engagement for a sorely needed £36.

He made friends on his visits to England and his music was warmly received if only by a fairly small but devoted circle. It was in London that Medtner finally settled and spent the last sixteen years of his life, except for a period during the war when he and his wife were guests at the country home of the family of his pupil Edna Iles, who was to become one of the staunchest champions of his music. It was during this time that he suffered his first heart attack, and from then on he was never a fully fit man. However, a remarkable, even miraculous, event now brought hope belatedly into the life of this tired and disappointed man who, despite his struggles, never wavered in his devotion to his calling nor in his meticulous and painstaking approach to his craft ('I use the rubber more than the pencil when I compose,' he said).

'What is one to make of this story of the Maharajah of Mysore? It is like a fairy tale. . . ' wrote Anna Medtner in the spring of 1947. It seems that the wealthy Maharajah had heard a single piece by Medtner played by his sister and had been captivated by its freshness and originality. The first the Medtners knew about it was to receive a call from one Captain Binstead, the Maharajah's representative in London, who announced that if Medtner would care to record as much of his music as he felt able to, the Maharajah would foot the bill. And so came about the recordings of Medtner playing his three concertos with the Philharmonia Orchestra, music for solo piano and many songs with Schwarzkopf, Slobodskaya and Tatiana Makushina. That they were available only long enough to satisfy the agreement with the Maharajah and that they have never been made available on LP in this country is a matter for the conscience of the record company. That they exist at all is a testament to one of the most munificent and enterprising acts of musical patronage of our time, and a priceless document for posterity. Medtner was a sick man when many of these records were made, but the best of them show a player of robust technique, magnificent range of sonority and inimitable plasticity of phrasing.

In his last days Medtner was too tired and ill to play and compose, and he described his life as that of a simple soldier following behind the battle-wagon of his leaders Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Purcell and Bizet (what a strange selection!) in the face of contemporary fads and fashions and heartless expressionism. Twelve days later (on 13 November 1951) he died at his home in Golders Green. There were polite murmurs of respect in musical circles, but little was done to honour his memory except by his friends. A few years later, Anna Medtner packed up all his manuscripts and possessions and returned with them to Moscow, where they formed the basis of the Russian complete edition of his works.

Detailed discussion of the music is beyond the scope of this article, and in any case the time has come for assessment through

exposure rather than analysis. I know well from experience that his music surprises and delights musicians and concert-goers alike by its freshness and originality as well as its intellectual complexity and craftsmanship. But misconceptions still abound. The immense expressive range of the fifty or so *Skazki* for piano has been belied by the mistranslation of the title as *Fairy Tale* rather than the more accurate *Legend* or simply *Tale*. Their inspiration (where Medtner discloses it) comes from sources as diverse as Shakespeare, Pushkin or the Bible as well as from Russian folk-lore.

His cycle of fourteen piano sonatas is a major contribution to piano literature, and here again the range is astonishing in mood and expression and also in scale (from barely six minutes to well over half an hour). Now that the comparable cycles of his compatriots Scriabin and Prokofiev are widely known, it is surely time for Medtner to take his place as the other major Russian exponent of the *genre*.

As for the 'Russian Brahms', Medtner was as Russian as Brahms was German. He was not a nationalist in as far as he mistrusted the use of folksong *per se* ('ethnographical trimmings' he called it) but nonetheless his Russian songs crystallise the Russian *melos* as vividly as do the folk-song settings of, say, Balakirev or Liadov. In fact the mantle of Mother Russia hangs just as heavily over many of his greatest instrumental works. The opening of the *Sonata Epica* for violin and piano paints a vast, bleak and unmistakably Russian landscape, while the huge E minor piano Sonata is a positively Dostoevskyan struggle of will.

'The rules of harmony are not invented' said Medtner unequivocally, 'but deduced from the practice of Bach, Beethoven and Chopin'. That this made his music seem old-fashioned alongside the myriad experiments of the first twenty-five years of the century is undeniable but less and less relevant as time goes by. It has too often been a glib assumption that what seems accessible or readily intelligible cannot be profound. Now that much of the music that startled the public in Medtner's youth and even middle-age seems *démodé* and antiquated, Medtner's originality of thought (as distinct from language) becomes even clearer. As Ernest Newman wrote, 'This music really does go on thinking from bar to bar, evolving logically from its premises.'

This centenary year will provide opportunities to hear Medtner's music such as have never existed outside Russia even in his lifetime. It is my belief and hope that, if they are taken up, the rewards will be such as to ensure that Medtner leaves the limbo of 'almost forgotten' composers forever.

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## New Orleans Jazz, 1979

John Gardner

New Orleans is to jazz what Salzburg is to Mozart; and, just as visitors to the latter city take in *souppçons* of the Köchel Catalogue in between eating Sachertorten at the Winkler and making *Sound of Music* forays up the Untersberg, so visitors to the former take a stroll in Storyville after a day spent eating soft-shelled crab and sailing on a sternwheel steamer. The parallel may be taken further, for New Orleans has, figuratively speaking, its own Mozarteum: Preservation Hall in St Peter Street, where, six nights a week, a group of elderly negro musicians entertain all comers to examples of *le vrai jazz*. No food or drink is served and, for a dollar a head,



the packed audience has to stand in an auditorium which, except for its lofty ceiling, is about the size of the Professors' Refectory at the Academy.

The most noticeable member of the band the night I went was the pianist who, wearing a blazer and peaked cap of the brightest red, looked like a precocious attendant at a minor English Preparatory School. 'Who's the boy at the piano?' I asked my companion. Before he could reply the woman standing in front of me turned and said 'That's not a boy. That's Sweet Emma. She's eighty-one years old, has had a stroke and can only play now with her right hand.'

In Preservation Hall no amplification is used, for authenticity is as much the norm there as at the Haslemere Festival. This made it difficult to hear most of what the cheek-ballooning trombonist played. The drummer, however, could be heard now and then above the hubbub of coming and going. During one of his solos, in fact, he became so energetic that I feared his capacity to survive a thirty-two bar chorus. Cheered on by the audience, he made it to the end and received a great ovation, as did the banjoist for his vocal solo with its refrain 'I like to bang you, honey, when I come home to bed'. Poor old sod, we no doubt were thinking, *your* banging days must be over.

The final number of the set had a certain musicological interest. Not since I heard Croft's 'Hanover' sung at Easter Day Mass in a remote Portuguese village was I so puzzled as by hearing the septet jive through 'Tipperary'. One amendment only seemed to be made: in the vocal 'Washington' was substituted for 'Trafalgar'. 'Piccadilly', however, remained intact, though I would have thought it equally incomprehensible to New Orleanians.

After this traditionalist orgy—not a single flatted fifth, let alone flatted seventh, added to any minor ninth—we left to taste the more up-to-date aural pleasures of Bourbon Street. The bars and clubs exuded a species of noisy, adulterated Dixieland music, competitively and self-defeatingly amplified to the point when it was pleasanter by far to listen in the street than inside, supposing one not to be thirsty or wishing to watch a strip-tease. In the Old Absinthe House, however, a young florid Caucasian guy was hammering away at three keyboards simultaneously: two of them electronic, one of them acoustic and frontless in the New Orleans manner, in a way which contrasted markedly with the fare offered elsewhere. Against a nervous, off-beat tattoo of sevenths in the left hand his right hand pitted a sharply contoured, jagged melodic improvisation worthy of Ahmad Jamal. We entered and ordered drinks. Unfortunately every minute or so he turned his amplification knob clockwise. We had not been in our seats long therefore before the noise became unendurable, and, since his colleagues, a blonde singer sufficiently easy on the eye and hard on the ear to grace any Morecambe and Wise Show, an unprojecting flugelhorn player, a characterless bass-player and an insipid drummer, held no attraction for us, we left to ponder over the one remaining Bourbon Street experience so far unsavoured: Al Hirt's Club, where, behind sound-proofed walls which prevented any noise filtering through to the pavement, the overweight, bearded eponymous trumpet-player offered a two-hour session for eighteen dollars and two free drinks. We decided that he was unlikely to be more rewarding than our triple-keyboardist, grudging the entrance fee any way and so went home to bed.

The next evening I decided to try a down-town hotel: the Hyatt Regency, in fact; one of a chain which specialises in erecting cathedral-like *atria* down the precipitously high walls of which brilliantly lit lifts bob up and down incessantly conveying guests to and from the bars, restaurants and bedrooms. Here no less a star than Earl Fatha Hines was billed to appear in Le Club (*sic*). Once again, however, we were somewhat disappointed. The piano was a poor instrument, and never have I heard his opening solo medley sound so unconvincing. A dozen or so tunes, including the inevitable 'Rosetta', were paraded in an unrelieved F major (always Hines's favourite key, though never so obsessively so as on this occasion). Rhythm was weak, tempo wayward, melodic invention shapeless, wrong notes plentiful. Was it his age—nearer eighty than seventy—or the jinx of New Orleans upon one who had made his career in Chicago? Furthermore the Quartet, which boasted a brilliant young saxophonist called Eric Vyner, was ill-balanced. The drummer was too loud throughout and Hines's own mike appeared to be dead. Only now and then was there a glimpse of the supreme *maestro* of jazz piano.

After the first set I lit upon him all alone in the vast atrium sipping a brown concoction in which someone had stuck a stalk of cauliflower. 'Can't think why they've put a bit of raw cabbage in my drink', he muttered. 'I like it boiled'. He seemed anxious to chat. I mentioned 'Weather Bird' (which GRSM students know as an item in their Schirmer scores). 'Who actually conceived that number?' I asked. Silly question, but I wanted to get him talking. 'Oh, Louis and I worked it out between us.' 'And what about "Blues after Midnight"? That's just about the best bit of solo piano blues ever.' "Blues after Midnight", he repeated incredulously, "'Blues after Midnight'? Can't remember that. Never listen to my records anyway. If ever I do, I always think how much better I might have done it.'

Hines is, of course, an important cultural ambassador for his country these days. He travels the whole wide world, to Moscow even, peddling his jazz wares. 'Next year', he told me proudly, 'we'll be in Peking'. The thought of Fatha Hines's Uncle Remus-style patter—especially that long joke about Lord and Lady Chamberlain he always tells—being put into impeccable Mandarin by some university-trained interpreter was too crazy a conceit for my tired, confused brain. I decided to call it a day and went back to the hotel.

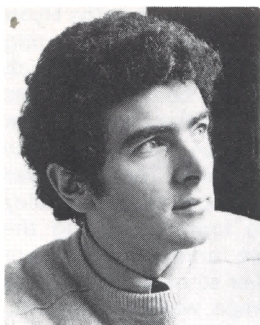
#### Howard Blake's 'Benedictus'

Ian Lacey

Two former students of the RAM, Howard Blake (1957–60) and Janet Canetty-Clarke (1953–6), are collaborating to produce a new full-length oratorio, *Benedictus*, which will receive its world première at Worth Abbey, near Crawley in Sussex, on Saturday 10 May. The performance will form an important part of the Abbey's celebrations of the 1,500th anniversary of the birth of St Benedict, which falls in 1980.

Howard Blake, the composer of *Benedictus*, studied piano with Harold Craxton and composition with Howard Ferguson. Janet Canetty-Clarke studied piano with Vivian Langrish and worked for her degree with Paul Steinitz. She enjoys a busy career as a lecturer and pianist in London and south-east England, and is the conductor of the Ditchling Choral Society. The first performance of *Benedictus*, will be given by the Ditchling Choral Society with





Howard Blake  
Photograph by  
Martin Koretz

the National Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Miss Canetty-Clarke. The soloist will be Richard Lewis (another former Academy student).

Howard Blake has already composed a considerable amount of orchestral, chamber and piano music—including a commission from the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and a ballet for Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet which was first performed in the presence of HRH Princess Margaret. Of *Benedictus*, Janet Canetty-Clarke writes: 'There must be many conductors of amateur choirs who ask themselves the same old question at the beginning of a new choral season: "What shall we sing?" After fourteen years of working with the Ditchling Choral Society, the answer becomes more and more difficult to find. I look along my music shelves, hoping for inspiration. Bach's *St Matthew Passion*? we've sung that three times already, but it's always a winner. Should we do it again? May be the *St John Passion* for a change...? But if our main concert comes before Easter, we won't be able to finance another in that season and the choir dislikes such an early finish to their year. What about a Bach cantata at Easter? Not quite so expensive—or is it? What about the soloists' fees? My mind spins the problems round and round. Should we have a change from sacred music? The season when our main concert comprised Delius's *Sea Drift* and Vaughan Williams's *A Sea Symphony*, for instance. That proved to be very popular. What *shall* we sing?!?!'

'About two years ago, I felt I must do something to try to solve this eternal problem, so, after much discussion with the officers of the Choir's Committee, the decision was made to commission a work. The choice of composer was easy. Howard Blake had already worked with us for some years; he had written a cantata *The Song of St Francis* for the choir; and a concert made up entirely of his music, which included piano compositions, and chamber music as well as choral items, had been a great success, and had attracted a full house. So, armed with some of his scores, I approached the Ralph Vaughan Williams Trust for financial support. They had helped me before, when I conducted my very first professional orchestra in Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, and they didn't fail me this time. (Music owes so much to the encouragement of such far-sighted organisations.)

'I could now give Howard the green light to commence work on a composition for the choir to be performed in 1980, in the magnificent Abbey Church of Worth, near Crawley. The choir had sung in Worth Abbey many times, performing such works as Mozart's *Requiem*, Purcell's *Ode for St Cecilia's Day* (1692) and Brahms's *German Requiem*, so we were familiar with the strange beauty of this modern building, with its honey-coloured bricks, its concrete lantern encircling the figure of Christ crucified, and its white marble altar placed powerfully in the centre of the church. I had always wanted to explore the dramatic potential of this church; the new work provided this opportunity admirably. To Howard and me, the circular layout of the church suggested a labyrinth, where a soul might search for its true place in life, finding it at the altar of God.

'The hardest task was finding the words; we read, and read; books, plays, poems, all to no avail. Time was passing; almost a year and still no libretto. Then I asked the Abbot of Worth if the composer could spend twenty-four hours at the monastery. Howard found that talking to the monks, studying in their library, and praying with them (at times like 6.30 in the morning) provided

just the inspiration he needed. The fact that 1980 was to be the 1,500th anniversary of the birth of St Benedict clinched the idea. (Worth Abbey is a Benedictine monastery, as well as being part of a very successful boys' Public School.)

'Howard was introduced the *The Rule of St Benedict*, the writings of the Saint which are the handbook of the Order, and as he listened to the reciting of the Psalms, a pattern for our libretto began to take shape in his mind. Our choir would represent the 1,500 years of Benedictine worship, a solo tenor would represent a character not unlike Everyman searching for an answer to life's problems, and *The Rule of St Benedict* would be his answer. Howard worked hard on the libretto, taking excerpts from the *Rule*, and from the Psalms, and moulding them into a convincing structure.

'Our soloist was to be Richard Lewis, and it was he who suggested that a section might be given to the tenor which could incorporate speaking as well as singing, to heighten the dramatic effect. Howard remembered a poem much admired for many years, Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*, and part of this is used by the tenor in the central section of the work. Once the libretto was completed, the music began to take shape. As the various choruses grew, I could help to prepare the copies for the choir, take them along to rehearsals, and report back on those parts which were going well and those not so well. Having a choir of over 160 singers at his disposal, Howard has been able to write on occasions for a double choir, a texture which he uses to great effect in a truly beautiful setting of Psalm 84 ('How lovely is Thy dwelling place, O Lord My God'). We are now, of course, well into rehearsals, and the choir is enjoying both the challenge of the rhythmic complexities that the music contains, and the melodies that Howard Blake always weaves so effortlessly into his scores.

'Production is now under discussion, particularly about the best way to light the Abbey Church. Although the choir will be seated throughout, the central area around the altar will be used dramatically by the tenor soloist, and therefore must be well lit. The orchestra must be heard but not seen, which is virtually impossible, but the hiring of orchestral stands with shaded lights will help. We are all working hard to ensure that *Benedictus* will receive the memorable first performance it deserves, and that for years to come it will, itself, provide the answer to the choral conductor's question "What shall we sing?"'

### The International Children's Opera Summer School

Nicholas Wright



In the spring of 1978, Colwyn Sillman, Director of Music at Haberdashers' Monmouth School for Girls, took the school orchestra to Carbonne, Monmouth's twin town in the south of France, and a series of concerts was given in the beautiful old church of St Laurent. The concerts were greeted with great enthusiasm by the Carbonnais and they were surprised by the high technical efficiency shown by the players. Many people commented that music was very much the 'Cinderella' subject in French schools and so Mr Sillman and his colleagues began to think of a way in which it would be possible for at least some French children to be involved in a musical project. The idea of a Summer School was mooted, and the Carbonne Twinning Committee approved of the scheme. It was decided that Britten's *Noye's Fludde* should form the basis of the course as the score



gives great scope for trained and inexperienced musicians alike. The work was ideally suited to tackle within the space of two weeks.

Early in 1979 Mr Sillman began to assemble the English musical force. Forty-eight school-children from Monmouth, Chepstow, Abergavenny and Cardiff formed the party and this group consisted of the orchestra, principal singers and leaders of the chorus. Lawrence Wallington (a post-graduate singing student at the RAM) successfully auditioned for the rôle of Noye and Mrs Diane Sillman was to sing the part of Mrs Noye. With teachers drawn from local schools the whole party numbered fifty-eight, and the Carbonne Twinning Committee agreed to place each member of the group with a local family. It was planned that three performances of *Noye's Fludde* would be given, on 30 and 31 August and 1 September in the church of St Laurent. On each night the opera would be preceded by an 'Ensemble Contrast' or chamber recital, given by members of the Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra. The professional players also agreed to play in the quartet required for the opera. It was decided that some costumes would be made in Monmouth (to be taken out with the party) and some would be made by the Carbonnais. Raymond Galinie, a talented artist resident in Carbonne, agreed to construct and paint a wooden ark specially for the production. Such, then, were the preliminary plans.

The English party arrived in Carbonne on 17 August, and rehearsals for the opera began two days later in the old school. The four classrooms that were made available for the Summer School provided ample space for the various sections of the orchestra and chorus to practise in, and once the French children could hear and see what was going on they began to show an interest and attend the rehearsals for the chorus of animals; some swelled the recorder section of the orchestra. In order to focus the attention of the French children, mask-making began half-way through the first week. Each child was to represent one of the animals in the ark, and the younger French children especially enjoyed being made to sit whilst the unintelligible English covered their heads with plastic bags and began to plaster these with strips of gluey paper. These basic head-pieces were then left to dry and were later painted and decorated to represent animals and birds.

At the end of the first week, a complete run-through of the opera took place in the playground of the old school. This rehearsal went well, and encouraged all those who took part. The following week rehearsals were transferred to the church of St Laurent. By this time the ark had been installed in front of the altar; the principals were able to get a sense of space and drama, and principals, chorus and orchestra could test the acoustics of the building. Publicity for the opera was handled well. Local shops displayed attractively designed posters, and on one morning during the second week Mr Sillman travelled with a group of children to nearby Toulouse and they were invited to speak about the opera and the Summer School on a radio programme. The first night was now two days away.

The three performances of *Noye's Fludde* were very successful; the orchestra and chorus gained confidence with each presentation and the last night was a *tour de force*. Mr Wallington's rendering of Noye was warm and full-blooded and the orchestral playing spirited and resonant. The sense of contrast in mood shown by singers and orchestra alike was admirable. St



Lawrence Wallington  
as Noye

Laurent's church was packed to capacity; the audience was gripped from start to finish: *Noye's Fludde* had won the hearts of the Carbonnais. After the last performance a champagne reception was held for all the participants in the Town Hall and everyone was given tokens of appreciation by the Carbonne Twinning Committee. In his address, M Helle, the Mayor of Carbonne, said that when the Summer School had first been suggested he had thought the proposed venture a 'crazy idea'. He was magnanimous enough to eat his words publicly and added that as a result of the opera's great success, the Council of Carbonne would put forward plans to establish a music school in the town. The International Children's Opera Summer School was thus to have far-reaching consequences.

What had begun as a gesture of goodwill toward the people of Carbonne entailed much hard work and effort—more work and effort in fact than the organisers had envisaged. Some problems presented themselves during the two weeks of the Summer School but these were overcome. The Carbonnais were truly wonderful hosts and they were genuinely concerned to ensure that everyone had an enjoyable time. They entered into the spirit of the project magnificently—'the opera' was the watchword on everyone's lips during the second week, and at the performances many people were visibly moved to tears. The Carbonnais were generous to a fault and although several enquiries were made about a similar project for 1980 no such plans have yet been made. However, ICOSS 1979 brought together English and French children in a spirit of goodwill and friendship.

## Obituary Wilfrid Parry 1908–79

Gareth Morris



Wilfrid Parry was one of the most versatile of British pianists. As a musician he was gifted with an extraordinary facility for sight-reading, excellent rhythm and a commanding technique; moreover he possessed an ear which I suspect made use of absolute pitch and contributed to a highly developed musical memory. Envious attributes indeed, but greater than any of them was a quality that is rarer still—he was a man without guile.

He was born near Birmingham in 1908, but his parents moved while he was still very young to Farnham in Essex, where Wilfrid and his father sang in the church choir and where piano lessons were organised when he was nine. Lucky the teacher who had such a bright little pupil, and it seems that Wilfrid was wisely guided because before long Farnham Parish Church was in need of an organist, and its rector, having ascertained that Master Parry's legs were long enough to reach the pedals, appointed him to the post at the age of thirteen. Canon Geare (Wilfrid often talked of that divine with amused affection) had no reason to regret his decision; choir and congregation were apparently delighted. It was soon obvious that the musical profession could do with him, and he with some advanced training, so the kindly local Squire took it upon himself to pay for the boy to study at Trinity College of Music for a year until he won a scholarship which secured the rest of his studentship. A brilliant one it was, ending in his winning the Chappell Gold Medal and the award of the Fellowship of the College.



Then followed an extremely busy career in several of the light music ensembles which were such a feature of BBC programmes of the day. He first broadcast in 1929; and little did I know, as a small listener, that he was the pianist in the Gershwin Parkington Quintet which played for such a maddeningly long time between the scenes of Toytown. Soon he was broadcasting almost daily with one ensemble or another and it was no surprise that he met and married the distinguished violist Eileen Grainger, an artist who has always been regarded by her colleagues with the same mixture of admiration and affection.

When war came Wilfrid Parry was commissioned in the HAC, but needless to say he was much in demand as a pianist—so much so that after an army sing-song when Queen Mary was present, Her Majesty demanded that he should regularly repair to Badminton House, where she was the guest of the Duke of Beaufort, to play marches and waltzes to her in private audience. On leaving the army Wilfrid decided to concentrate entirely on serious music. He was a member of most of the leading chamber music ensembles when a pianist was involved, played sonatas regularly with Jean Pougnet and Anthony Pini and was the happy partner of the busiest wind players in London—not least of Dennis Brain, in whose ensemble, and in Evelyn Barbirolli's Trio, I played with him for several decades. The only disappointing aspect of a partnership with Wilfrid Parry was that the pleasure of rehearsing with him ended too soon—he played everything perfectly; but then there was always the fun of joining him for a drink instead.

All his many friends and fellow musicians will miss him sadly; students were fortunate indeed when he was invited to direct piano chamber music classes in the Royal Academy of Music.

Monica Wykes

I should like to pay a personal tribute to Winifred Small. I was her first student at the Academy, although she soon had several others. On learning that I was also one of Egerton Tidmarsh's pupils she showed me with pride the photograph of herself, Egerton and John Barbirolli as a piano trio in their student days.

Winifred was a most enthusiastic teacher, with tremendous vitality, and she was tireless in her efforts to make one achieve as high a standard as possible (and even that much more than one expected to be capable of!); her lessons were always stimulating and enjoyable. She was a fine player, demonstrating with beautiful tone on her lovely instrument. She had a way of revealing the music, sometimes not easily apparent in pieces of a more technical nature, with great artistry: once, whilst I was getting out my music, she quite spontaneously played from memory one of the Rode *Caprices*, about which I had just been asking. This artistry showed also in her concert performances of the lighter, shorter pieces, as much as in the bigger works. She was also very versatile, being an excellent pianist, and sometimes playing the piano parts of duo sonatas in her lessons. (I recollect her saying that she had played a piano concerto and a violin concerto in the first and second halves of one concert—was it a Prom?) Illustrations in lessons also gave evidence of a strong singing voice! I continued some lessons with her after leaving the Academy, when she still had much to give. Fortunately my music was copiously covered with her markings in a thick, mostly indelible, pencil—useful and intriguing to my pupils and myself. One remembers her warmth of personality and charm with much gratitude. Thank you, Winifred!

(Readers may also like to be reminded of Michael Head's 'Profile' of Winifred Small in Issue No 212 of August 1976—Ed.)

## Winifred Small 1896–1979

Derek Pain



Winifred May Small was born in London on 29 March 1896. She started learning the piano at an early age, but soon changed to the violin. When she was thirteen she won the Campbell Clarke Open Scholarship to the Academy (she was one of the RAM's youngest ever scholarship winners), and studied with Rowsby Woof, with whom she had had some lessons before either he or she were at the Academy.

She made her official début (together with Harriet Cohen) on 28 June 1916, and later the same year she performed the Mendelssohn violin Concerto with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under Sir Dan Godfrey. While a student she played in a piano trio whose other members were John Barbirolli and Egerton Tidmarsh; she was awarded the Dove Prize, the Chairman's Prize, and the RAM Club Prize.

In 1921 she went on a six-month tour of the Malay States, India and Ceylon, with Peter Dawson, and shortly afterwards she became the violinist in the New English Quartet (in which Florence Hooton was the cellist), and in the Maurice Cole Trio (in which Kathleen Moorhouse was the cellist). Maurice Cole and Winifred were married in 1927. She broadcast on many occasions, and in 1957 made an appearance on television in *This is Your Life*, when the subject was Sir John Barbirolli. She was appointed a Sub-Professor at the RAM in 1940, and a full Professor a year later; she was elected a FRAM in 1945.

## Reviews of New Books and Music

Sir Anthony Lewis

Gerald Abraham: *The Concise Oxford History of Music* (OUP, £15) The astonishing range of this remarkable book can be gauged by a selection of its chapter headings: 'Mesopotamia and Egypt', 'Music during the Counter-Reformation', 'Music of Eastern Asia', 'The dominance of the Piano', 'The Music of Black Africa and America'. Such a span might well be thought over-ambitious, but the volume is in secure hands. Whom else but Professor Abraham could one trust to deal with such diverse topics as 'The Robertsbridge Codex', 'The Russian *Kant*', 'Sentiment in *Opéra Comique*' and 'Indeterminacy' with the confident knowledge that he will deal with them with equal assurance and authority? It is awe-inspiring to contemplate the sheer magnitude of this single-handed enterprise; the range of knowledge expressed is impressive enough, the reserves needed to support it would seem incredible, had they not been displayed many times elsewhere. Furthermore the vitally important point is that this is not commentary derived from commentary, but from first-hand acquaintance with the music. Not just 'title-dropping' either; again and again the author surprises and stimulates one by references to particularly effective or significant passages in obscure works unlikely to be lying ready to hand on his library table. Besides, it would be totally out of character for Gerald Abraham to adopt the views of others without first checking for himself; several myths, for instance, are disposed of firmly, such as the one concerning Gluck and 'the reform of the opera'. The music to *The Tempest* is left safely in Purcell's hands.



As the author says in his Preface, this is a book primarily about the substance of music, 'not composers except as producers of it, not instruments except as they help to make it'. Professor Abraham is concerned with the course and flow of musical history and the influences that have determined its direction, rather than with its level at any particular stage. The moments of spate are recorded, but not to the extent to distract attention from the progress of the main channel, while scrupulous care is given to the detection of tributaries bringing in important new elements. The book is mainly concerned with Western European music, but non-European contributions to Western music are kept regularly in perspective.

The general plan is based on five Parts, entitled, respectively, 'The Rise of West Asian and East Mediterranean Music', 'The Ascendancy of Western Europe', 'The Ascendancy of Italy', 'The Ascendancy of Germany' and 'The Fragmentation of Tradition', comprising forty-one chapters in all. There is a vast amount of detail but most of this is in support of general considerations of style; those who seek programme-note analyses of major works will not find them here. Beethoven's fifth Symphony gets one sentence to itself and shares another with the sixth; but that one sentence contains more percipient matter than most other writers would get into a couple of pages. The fifth Symphony may not qualify for a music quotation, but there are many others, most aptly chosen, usually from works not readily available, and yielding cogent and most interesting evidence of the contemporary situation.

This book is to be treasured for the access it gives to one of the acutest musical minds of our generation. From the mass of highly specialised musical literature that has been pouring forth of recent years, one has been fervently seeking the large-scale conspectus of the course of music from one who, as Gerald Abraham puts it, can look through a telescope as well as through a microscope. Professor Abraham is the man, and this is the book.

David Owen  
Norris

Leonard Pearcey: *The Musician's Survival Kit*. How to get work with music (Barrie & Jenkins, £3.50)

Leonard Pearcey's book concerns itself with the dull everyday practicalities of a musical career—necessities to life with which the average alumnus of a musical college is ill-equipped by his studies to grapple. For some years Mr Pearcey's lecture has been reaching a few favoured, or especially conscientious, or worried, or realistic students; but, and I speak as one of the worried listeners, his glib humour could not conceal from us the enormity of the task we faced. Our jotted notes became shorter as our faces grew longer, and most of those present left with a conviction stronger than ever that what we needed was a *break*, when the workaday routine of small acorns growing into mighty oaks would be dispensed with at one miraculous, if vague, bound. Alas, for so many the break never comes, and we must content ourselves with a sort of multiple fracture. And how we wish we had made more copious memoranda of Mr Pearcey's pearls, metaphorical swine that we were!

Courage. The lecture is available almost *verbatim*, albeit at an extortionate price. Everything is here, in almost painfully easy stages, from printing a brochure to clearing the overdraft after a début recital and beyond. Mr Pearcey's carefully colloquial style

makes the book easy reading even to the most typical music student, and the pill is further sugared by excellent cartoons by ffolkes.

Some of the advice still seems over-elaborate: the suggested filing system, for example, presupposes a tidiness of mind and an amplitude of accommodation but rarely met with in a profession one of whose chief ornaments was Beethoven. Mr Pearcey also strongly recommends printing a fee on one's brochure, which for musicians at the stage to which he addresses himself, seems to me an act of quintessential folly.

No contingency has been overlooked, no juice remains unsqueezed, no pip unsqueaked. An admirable compendium of the commercial side of a musical career. For those assailed with regrets (admittedly vain—look at Mozart) that excellence unexploited should stay unrewarded, Sir Peter Pears's Foreword provides a crumb of idealistic comfort.

#### Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I wonder if anything could be done to encourage students to develop enthusiasm for hearing music other than that which they perform, by going to concerts and listening to records, and so on. Of course apathy in this matter is common the world over, but, from what one hears on many sides, RAM students seem to be smitten with this disease as much as any. Would it be possible, for example, to think up some encouragement in the form of credits (for both GRSM and Performers' Course students) for music heard—and enjoyed? Perhaps posting some extravagantly worded notice such as the following in every room would shake students up:

MUSIC IS *SOUND*, GLORIOUS AND THRILLING; BOOKS ON IT, ESSAYS, ANALYSIS, MUSIC TECHNIQUES, RUDIMENTS AND THE LIKE COME FAR BEHIND *LISTENING TO IT*.

Some years ago, in *Music and Education* and in the *ISM Journal* of May/July 1971, respectively, I wrote a lengthy article about what I thought was the cause of this *malaise*. Unhappily it seems to have had little or no effect.

Yours faithfully  
Paul Steinitz

137 St Julian's Farm Road,  
London SE27 0RP

Dear Sir

So tonic Sol-fa is the thing! My old friend Miss Georgina Zellan-Smith tells us that it is an important part of piano teaching in Hungary and that the results are magnificent. May I remind her and your readers in general that tonic Sol-fa was an English invention? Long before Kodály was born, a schoolmistress in Norwich, a Miss Glover, was using the movable *doh*. She had encountered Continental *soffège*, with its *Do* fixed on what we call middle-C, but had decided that, for her children at school, it would be best to choose a *doh* that suited (a) the song and (b) their



voices. In fact she called the first note of any scale *doh*. What about modulation? Simple! 'Now, children, sing *doh, ray, me, fah, soh*; and now let's call *that* note *doh*.' In this way the children modulated into the dominant and never knew they had done it.

A Congregational minister named John Curwen developed and promoted her ideas—and founded a publishing house. The result was that industrial and agricultural workers who had left school at the age of twelve and had certainly never had music lessons were able to join choral societies and sing oratorios, to the astonishment of foreign composers and conductors. Tonic Sol-fa flourished right up to the time when I was a little boy in an elementary school in Hammersmith. With other little boys I sang from *The National Song Book*: so did millions of other children throughout the land. Alas! Along came a number of expensively educated, 'highly qualified' idiots who, exerting power within education authorities, decided that children should be taught 'properly' from 'Old Notation'.

Years went by. One day, in a broadcast, I lamented the passing of tonic Sol-fa. A few days later I received a letter from a young woman telling me that, as a child, she had been taught tonic Sol-fa by her uncle, a Welsh chapel choirmaster. When she arrived at the RAM she had no difficulty in being top of the sight-singing classes. Sol-fa did not prevent her reading of standard notation: it supported it. After her years at the RAM she went on to Hungary and met Kodály, who said to her 'My child, the musical health of a nation depends on children singing their native songs in tonic Sol-fa'.

Let me admit that Kodály and his successors went way beyond our native Sol-faists, creating a bridge from what had been a purely vocal device over to the area of instrumental music. But we could have done this for ourselves. What fools we were!

Yours faithfully  
Sidney Harrison

Flat 1,  
37 The Avenue,  
Bedford Park,  
London W4 1HA

#### Notes about Members and others

Nicholas Maw's new song-cycle for soprano and chamber ensemble on Italian Renaissance poetry, *La Vita Nuova*, received its first performance on 2 September, at a Promenade Concert in the Roundhouse in Camden Town, with Phyllis Bryn-Johnson as the soloist and the Nash Ensemble under Mark Elder. Mr Maw's early opera *One Man Show*, first heard in 1964, received its Australian première on 3 September in Adelaide, in a production by Anthony Besch conducted by Myer Fredman.

Paul Steinitz and the London Bach Society and the Steinitz Bach Players, gave the first performance, on 1 December, of John Tavener's *Requiem for Father Malachy*, in St Marylebone Parish Church. Four days after conducting his annual performance of Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, in St Marylebone Church on 15 March, Dr Steinitz conducted two performances of the *St John Passion* with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in Detroit.

The distinguished Italian timpanist Luigi Torrebruno gave a lecture recital at the RAM in October, at which he performed a number of his own compositions.

Hamish Milne, who contributes an article on Medtner (or, if you prefer the *Musical Times*'s English transliteration, Metner) to this issue, devised and took part in a concert in the Wigmore Hall on 5 January to mark the centenary of the composer's birth. He was joined by the Gabrieli Quartet and Elise Ross (soprano), and the programme included piano pieces, songs, and the piano Quintet.

Albert Alan Owen has recently taken over the 'First Performances and Commissions of British Music' section in the magazine *Composer*. A recording of two of his own compositions, *Mysteries* for violin, piano, electric piano, double bass and synthesisers, and *On Muted Strings* for violin and piano, in which the violinist is Katherine Sweeney, has been issued by Apollo Sound (AS 1026), with the title 'Keyboards and Strings'.

Gaudeamus Records have recently released a recording of four works by Richard Stoker: his song-cycle *Aspects of Flight*, sung by the mezzo-soprano Carolyn Maia; the Concerto for two guitars and tape, and the sonata for two guitars, performed by the English Guitar Duo; and the piano Variations, Op 45, played by the composer. The number of the record is KRS 33, and it is a successor to an earlier Gaudeamus record (GRS 8) of Mr Stoker's string quartets.

Former RAM students who will be taking part in the Seventeenth Series of Summer Recitals in Peterborough Cathedral, arranged by Harold Clark, include Diana Stuart (5 June), Jillian Skerry (26 June), and Harold Clark and John Willett (17 July).

The Muriel Taylor Scholarship Award for 1979 was won by Timothy Hugh, who received the sum of £900. He is studying with Aldo Parisot at Yale University.

Ralph Cupper has been awarded a grant by the Henry and Lily Davies Fund (administered by the Arts Council of Great Britain) to study the organ in Haarlem, Holland, with Bernard Bartelink.

Lois Phillips's book *Lieder Line by Line* was published by Duckworth in November, at £24, and the event was celebrated by a party held in the Concert Room on 23 November, at which the joint hosts were the Academy and the publishers.

A Thanksgiving Concert in memory of Alan Richardson (1904–78) was given in the Wigmore Hall on 3 January. Artists taking part included Sir Peter Pears and Murray Perahia, Hamish Milne, Janet Craxton and Ian Brown, members of the Nash Ensemble (Marcia Crayford, Brian Hawkins, Christopher van Kampen and Ian Brown), and the Richards Piano Quartet (Bernard Roberts, Nona Liddell, Jean Stewart and Bernard Richards). Compositions by Alan Richardson that were played included the first performance of three *Pieces of Eight*, a *Moment Musical*, and a transcription of Rachmaninov's *Vocalise*, for piano; and a *Roundelay*, a *Scherzino* and the second of *Three Pieces*, for oboe. The first performance was also given of a specially composed *Epitaph*, for oboe and piano, by Witold Lutoslawski.

Recent London recitals have been given by Sidney Harrison (Purcell Room, 16 October), Susan Howes (Purcell Room, 22 October), Tessa Uys (Wigmore Hall, 4 November), Philip Smith (Purcell Room, 5 November), Paul Roberts (Wigmore Hall, 7 January), David Owen-Norris (Purcell Room, 10 January), Geraldine Allen (Wigmore Hall, 12 January), Philip Pilkington (Purcell Room, 18 January), and Virginia Black (Purcell Room, 27 January).



## Distinctions

### Knight Bachelor

Colin Davis, CBE, Hon RAM

### CBE

Rita Hunter, Hon D Litt (Warwick), Hon RAM  
W S Lloyd-Webber, D Mus (Lond), Hon RAM, FRCM, FRCO, FLCM  
Yvonne Minton, Hon RAM

### OBE

Beryl Kimber, FRAM

### MBE

Charles Cracknell, ARAM  
Atarah Ben-Tovim, ARAM  
Leslie Hatfield, ARAM

## Births

Cropper: to Peter and Nina Cropper (*née* Martin), a daughter, Hazel, 28 May 1979

Keyte: to Christopher and June Keyte (*née* Rowland Matthews), a daughter, Heulwen Mary Rowland, 29 November 1979

*Correction.* We apologise for the repeated announcement (in Issue No 221) of the birth of Gareth and Patricia Morris's daughter Mary Eleanor; she was in fact born on 24 July 1978, as stated in Issue No 218.

## Marriage

Cupper—Mackey-Webb: Ralph J Cupper to Eira Penelope Alexandria Mackey-Webb, 19 January 1980

## Deaths

Pierre Bernac, Hon RAM, October 1979  
Nadia Boulanger, Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur, Hon CBE, Hon D Litt (Oxon, Harvard, Newcastle, etc), Hon RAM, FRCM, 22 October 1979  
Hilary, Countess of Munster, Hon FRAM, FRCM, 29 October 1979

## RAM Awards

### LRAM Diploma, December 1979

*Piano (Performer's)* Janet Gott  
*Piano (Teacher's)* Leta Henderson, Callum McLeod, Jane Perks, Shane Thio  
*Piano (Accompanist's)* James Gray  
*Singing (Teacher's)* Gillian Cooper, Catherine Rawstron, David Taylor, Janice Wilks  
*Violin (Teacher's)* Jennifer Godson, Elaine Perrett, Margaret Roseberry, Sylvia Wallington, John Widger, Rhiannon Williams  
*Viola (Teacher's)* Heather Ballard, John Jezard  
*Cello (Performer's)* Christopher Marwood  
*Cello (Teacher's)* Nicola Bryant, Louise Davis  
*Clarinet (Teacher's)* Graham Scrivener  
*Bassoon (Teacher's)* Amanda Hollowood, Paul Payton  
*Trumpet (Teacher's)* Marilyn Wolff  
*Horn (Teacher's)* Jane Hanna, Sophie Wood  
*Timpani and Percussion (Teacher's)* Stephen Quigley, Sarah Thomas

## RAM Club News

Jeffery Harris

At the Annual General Meeting on 22 November Constance Shacklock was formally nominated President for the coming year. The following members were elected to the Committee for three years: Bridget Campbell, Noel Cox, Ruth Harte, and Alexander Kelly. We offer our thanks to the retiring members of the Committee: Douglas Hawkridge, Clarence Myerscough, Marjorie Thomas, and Peter Uppard. Rex Stephens was thanked most warmly for his unfailing hard work during his year of office. Hugh Marchant, who has retired as Honorary Treasurer, was also thanked for all his help and support, and Margaret MacDonald was welcomed as our new Honorary Treasurer.

After the meeting a large audience attended a recital by Felicity Lott (soprano) and John Streets (piano). Rex Stephens writes: 'It was a performance of outstanding quality. The programme consisted of songs by Haydn and Brahms, and a Fauré group that they had performed earlier in the year in Hong Kong. Felicity Lott has the rare combination of all the qualities that make a great singer, and John Streets, in addition to the accompanist's essential pairing of sensitivity and strength, added subtlety and *finesse* such as are rarely to be heard. It seemed to me that everything the composers could possibly have wished was realised in their performance.'

During a short interval in the recital our new President, with her customary charm, presented Guy Jonson with a plaque of the Academy and a cheque, as a token of our thanks for all he has done for the Club as Honorary Secretary for many years. Guy Jonson writes: 'I should like to express my warmest thanks to all those members of the Club who so kindly contributed to the munificent gift that was presented to me by the President upon my retirement as Honorary Secretary. I cannot adequately express my appreciation of the generosity of so many in making this gesture; and the occasion was one that I shall long remember with gratitude and the utmost pleasure.'

On 1 November Lady Lewis very generously organised an Autumn Fair in aid of the RAM Club, and this raised a net sum of £684. It is hoped that this money can be used to refurbish the Club Room in the not-too-distant future.

## RAM Club Founded 1889

### President

Constance Shacklock, OBE

### Vice-Presidents

HRH Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester  
Sir Thomas Armstrong  
May Blyth  
William Cole, MVO  
Noel Cox  
Henry Cummings  
Sir Vivian Dunn, KCVO, OBE  
Myers Foggini, CBE  
Margaret Hubicki  
Sir Gilmour Jenkins, KCB, KBE, MC  
Guy Jonson  
Vivian Langrish, CBE  
Sir Anthony Lewis, CBE  
Rex Stephens  
W Graham Wallace  
Madeleine Windsor



*Honorary Secretary*  
Jeffery Harris

*Honorary Assistant Secretary*  
Henry Cummings

*Honorary Treasurer*  
Margaret MacDonald

*Committee*

1977-80	1978-81	1979-82
Faith Deller	Fiona Cameron	Bridget Campbell
David Martin	Jean Austin Dobson	Noel Cox
Lilly Phillips	Philip Jenkins	Ruth Harte
Madeleine Windsor	Arthur Pritchard	Alexander Kelly

**Alterations and  
additions to  
List of Members**

**Town Members**

Abbott, Jocelyn L, *6a Sinclair Gardens, London W14*  
Bedford, Steuart, *83 Downs Park Road, London E5 8NP*  
Carlson, Neil, *69 Chesterfield Road, West Ewell, Epsom, Surrey*  
Clarke, Joan, *26 Macmillan House, Oman Avenue, London NW2 6BE*  
Cummings, Mr and Mrs Henry, *Dulas Court, Dulas, Hereford HR2 OHL*  
Eliot, Margaret, *6a Hillbury Road, London SW17*  
Fraser, Kaye L, *366 Camden Road, London N7*  
Gould, Diana J M, *67a Temple Road, London NW2*  
Karadeniz, Mrs Sheryl L (*née Clarke*), *10 Lancaster Drive, London NW3*  
Laing, Andrew, *53 Schubert Road, London SW15*  
Milne, Hamish, *c/o RAM*  
Norris, David Owen, *Flat 4, 12 James Street, London WC2*  
Osborne, Neville, *6 Abbots Close, Crofton Lane, Orpington, Kent BR5 1HW*  
Ota, Yuriko, *179 Dollis Hill Lane, London NW2 6EY*  
Reay, Stephen, *27 East Hill, Wembley Park, Middlesex*  
Rhind-Tutt, Mortimer, *8 Warwick Road, West Drayton, Middlesex*  
Scott, Vanessa, *82 Margaret Street, London W1*  
Shepherd, John M, *Top Floor Flat, 85 Mortimer Road, London N1*  
Smith, Julie, *45 Larkfield Road, Richmond, Surrey TW9 2PG*  
Taylor, David M, *95b Leighton Road, London NW5*  
Vass, George, *17 Parliament Hill, London NW3 2TA*  
White, Philip, *17 Parliament Hill, London NW3 2TA*

**Country Members**

Bradley, Shelagh, *Flat 1, Robert House, 36 Enys Road, Eastbourne, East Sussex BN21 2ED*  
Campbell, Mary, '*Marian*', *53 Glendun Park, Ballymena, Co Antrim, N Ireland*  
Casey, Anne Marie, *12 Hever House, Cypress Court, Frindsbury, Nr Rochester, Kent*  
Conybeare-Cross, Sarah, *14 Milton Avenue, London N6*  
Douglas, Judith, *30 Laurel Walk, Rainham, Kent*  
Fletcher, Malcolm J, *67 Sheldonfield Road, Sheldon, Birmingham B26 3RR*  
Groves, Christine B, '*Karingal*', *Plot 2, Common Road, Shelfanger, Diss, Norfolk*  
Hewitt, Pamela, *69 Wordsworth Road, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire HP11 2UR*

Jackson, Marna K, *177 Carr Lane, Willerby, Hull, N Humberside*  
Khoo, Christine, *14 Clyde Road, Redland, Bristol BS6 6RP*  
Knight, John L, *2 Henderson Place, Ford, Plymouth PL2 2AA, Devon*  
Lanzetter, Nicola, *30 Laurel Walk, Rainham, Kent*  
Odom, Mrs Sally (*née Booth*), *21c Cardington Road, Bedford*  
Page, Robin, *14a The Causeway, Teddington, Middlesex*  
Patrick, Janice, *57 Robert Burns Avenue, Clydebank, G81 2EG, Scotland*

**Overseas Members**

Kishida, Shihomi, *12-5 Tsutogawa-cho, Nishinomiya-shi, Hyogo-ken, Japan*  
Osborne, Anne M, *83 Dora Road, London SW19 7JT (Temporary)*  
Tetlow, Mrs Joan M, *Anchorage, Riverbank Road, Pimlico, NSW 2478, Australia*

**Student Members**

Arkell, Katherine, *Frog's Hall, Lavenham, Suffolk CO10 9QH*  
Arnell, Paul J P, *9 Bramwoods Road, Great Baddow, Chelmsford, Essex*  
Billinghurst, Sarah, *67 Marlborough Crescent, Sevenoaks, Kent*  
Burnside, Iain, *8 Rosedale Gardens, Glasgow G20 0AH, Scotland*  
Cathrine, Terence, *67a Temple Road, London NW2*  
Chapman, Sarah, *Flat 1, 14 Milton Avenue, London N6*  
De Jongh, Laurence, *24 St Augustine's Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex*  
Elliott, Hilary, *8 Springhall Street, London SE15*  
Ellis, Stephen, *76 Newbridge Hill, Bath, Avon*  
Green, Malcolm, *24 Baronsmere Road, London N2 9QE*  
Hogg, Simon, *20 Wade Avenue, Styvechale, Coventry*  
Honour, Colin D, *43 Crofton Lane, Orpington, Kent BR5 1HJ*  
Lee, Joanna, *63 Whitely Wood Road, Sheffield S11 7FF, S Yorkshire*  
Silverstone, Anne, *6 Moorview Close, Pennsylvania, Exeter, Devon*  
Sorley, Alistair, *33 Vicarage Road, London SW14 8RZ*  
Stone, Elsa, *4 Lupin Close, Palace Road, London SW2 3LA*  
Williams, Janet, *10 York Terrace East, London NW1*  
Willis, Helen, *10 York Terrace East, London NW1*

**RAM Concerts**

*Autumn Term*

**Symphony Orchestra**

4 December  
**Weber** Overture '*Der Freischütz*'  
**Rachmaninov** Piano Concerto No 2 in C minor, Op 18  
**Vaughan Williams** A London Symphony  
Conductor Maurice Handford  
Soloist Simon Shewring (piano)  
Leader Tina Gruenberg

**Chamber Orchestra**

27 November  
**Prokofiev** Overture on Hebrew Themes, Op 34  
**Bach/Töchter** Oboe Concerto in F, S 1053a



**Mozart** Symphony No 29 in A, K 201  
**Bach/Lewis** The Art of Fugue (I, 4, 7)  
**Bach/Webern** Musical Offering—Ricercare a 6  
**Bizet** Symphony in C  
*Conductor* Lawrence Leonard  
*Soloist* Mark Pledger (oboe)  
*Leader* Beth Spendlove

#### Choral Concert

8 November

**Bach** Mass in B minor

*Conductor* Noel Cox

*Soloists* Gillian Macdonald (soprano), Kristina Johnston (mezzo soprano), Marilyn Bennett (contralto), Kevin Walton (tenor), Geoffrey Dolton (baritone), Charles Naylor (bass)

*Leader* Beth Spendlove

#### Repertoire Orchestra

30 November

**Weber** Overture 'Oberon'

**Warlock** 'Capriol' Suite

**Elgar** Cello Concerto in E minor, Op 85

**Dvořák** Symphony No 7 in D minor, Op 70

*Conductors* Maurice Miles, and Members of the Advanced Conductors' Class: Jørgen Fuglebaek, John Eels, Gavin Lee

*Soloist* Elspeth Attwood (cello)

*Leader* Carolyn London

#### Training Orchestra

5 December

**Beethoven** Overture 'Coriolan', Op 62

**Bach** Concerto in D minor for two violins, S 1043

**Mendelssohn** Overture 'Heimkehr aus der Fremde', Op 89

**Mozart** Symphony No 29 in A, K 201

*Conductors* Maurice Miles, and Members of the First-year Conductors' Class: Paul Payton, Patrick Gundry-White, John Ware

*Soloists* Julie Storer, Jacqueline-Marie Miles (violins)

*Leader* Mark Greensill

In addition to regular Tuesday and Wednesday lunchtime concerts, an evening recital was given by Nicholas Walker (piano) on 2 October, and an Exchange Concert was given by students from the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique, Paris, on 21 November.

#### Opera

**Verdi** 'Falstaff'

14, 16, 19 and 20 November

*Sir John Falstaff* Stephen Williams/Charles Naylor

*Ford* Christopher Bull/Dafydd Phillips

*Fenton* Timothy Evans-Jones/Peter Bronder

*Dr Caius* Jared Salmon/Kevin Walton

*Bardolph* Michael Hamlett/Tomos Ellis

*Pistol* Geoffrey Dolton/Lawrence Wallington

*Alice Ford* Paula Bott/Christine Teare

*Nannetta* Jill Washington/Julie Hunter



Act I Scene 2: Bardolph, Falstaff and Pistol (Michael Hamlett, Stephen Williams and Geoffrey Dolton)



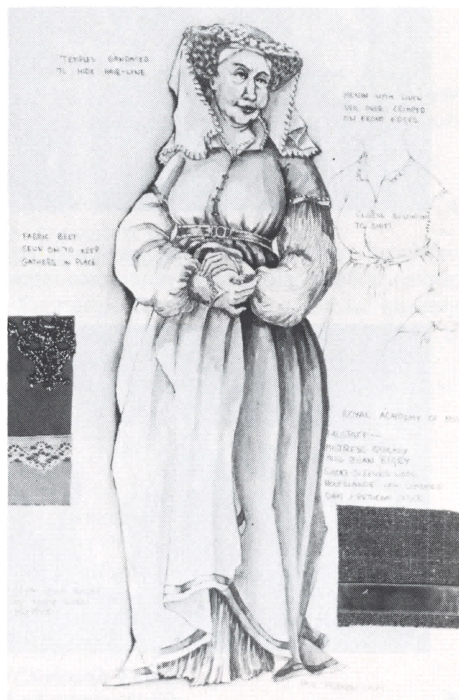
Act II Scene 2: Meg Page, Alice Ford and Nannetta (Kristina Johnston, Paula Bott and Jill Washington)



Act III Scene 2: 'Tutto nel mondo'  
 Photographs by Tessa Musgrave



*Mistress Quickly* Jean Rigby/Helen Willis  
*Mistress Page* Kristina Johnston/Clare Wilson  
*Host of the Garter Inn* Richard Knott  
*Robin, Falstaff's page* Mick Martin  
*Chorus* Sally-Ann Ardouin, Susan Bradley, Mary Capes, Gill Cooper, Jennifer Lewis, Gillian Macdonald, Kirstine Mackenzie, Gail Mortley, Hilary Musgrave, Helen O'Nians, Kathryn Phillifent, Shirley Pilgrim, Catherine Rawstron, Karen Sellers, Anne Stuart, Rosalind Turner, Tracy Webb, Elizabeth Woollett, Robina Wason, Philip Ball, Nicholas Hardy, Thomas Lines, Anton Rich, Stefan Sanchez, Timothy Wilson, Nigel Draycott, Lynton Black, James Gray, Geraint Roberts  
*Director of Opera* John Streets  
*Conductor* Gordon Kember  
*Producer* Christopher Renshaw  
*Designer* Paul Heron  
*Lighting* Graham Walne  
*Assistant to the Director* Mary Nash  
*Assistant Conductor* Jørgen Fuglebaek  
*Assistant Répétiteurs* Oliver Broome, Jonathan Darlington, James Gray  
*Stage Management* Andrew-John Peat, Paul Greener, Jane Webster, Nigel Draycott, Lynton Black  
*Lighting Assistant* Andrew Thompson  
*Costumes* Henrietta Webb, Alison Nalder, Celia Rhoden  
*Wardrobe* Margaret Adams, Gill Cooper, Elizabeth Woollett  
*Movement* Anna Sweeny  
*Make-up* Ronald Freeman  
*Italian coaching* Lella Alberg  
*Scenery* Albert Cristofoli  
*Leader of Orchestra* Tina Gruenberg



Costume designs for 'Falstaff' by Paul Heron: Falstaff and Mistress Quickly; Ford (as Signor Fontana) and Nannetta

## Review Week

Review Week in the Autumn Term (26–30 November) included the Chamber Orchestra Concert (Lawrence Leonard) and the Repertoire Orchestra Concert (Maurice Miles). There were performances, on the five separate days, of five cantatas by Bach, the Composer of the Term, arranged and directed by Peter Lea-Cox (Nos 82, 51, 127, 140 and 212). There was also a performance by the London School of Contemporary Dance, two master-classes given by Felix Andrievsky, and a highly successful Pantomime mounted by the Students' Union.

## Students' Union Report

Richard Knott

Few people will need to be reminded of the international reputation our football team has. In spite of that they have not lost a match against another college for over four years. It was with some pride, then, that I arrived to play my first game for the Academy—the occasion was only slightly lessened when the Royal College arrived two players short, so that one of our side had to change sides. It is my sad duty to report that, after a long, hard struggle (aided only by a totally unbiased timekeeper who managed to add on twenty minutes for an injury no-one else had noticed) we lost by a single goal. (My) shame prevents me from revealing which player changed sides.

Life improved though. Term was hardly a week old when the West End Stompers returned for the Freshers' Ball. Three more Real Ale Discos and a Halloween Ball later, with barely a pause for hiccup, Review Week was upon us. Unfortunately a few of the celebrities we had hoped to see at the Academy could not come, but that was all forgotten on the Wednesday evening, when *Aladdin* was staged. The producer had been worrying all day about the audience's reaction when it realised the cast had



broken a long-standing tradition and learnt their lines, but his fears were unfounded. The snatches of Tchaikovsky, Wagner and Snee from the pit, and the antics on stage, were enthusiastically received, though one felt that a certain woodwind professor's assurances to his pupils that their obvious talents foretold a great career on the pantomime stage, had more to do with their clarinet playing than the *Aladdin* performance. My sole worry concerned the flashes that heralded the entrance of the genie, and slave of the ring. It was only after his/her sixth entry, and the sixth cloud of smoke had set off towards the flies that I remembered the Academy alarm system is activated by smoke particles. Whether the fact that they didn't go off was a good or bad thing is open to debate.

The next day the Theatre was again the scene for some frivolity, when the Academy took on Trinity College of Music in our version of the TV games 'Call my Bluff' and 'Star Turn'. We were worthy winners in both, though it was left until the last word in the former. I am sure the win would have been more convincing had our team not spent the first half of the game wondering whether the illiterate in Trinity's team (remember this was a game of words) was put there as an elaborate trick or whether he was the third most literate person at Trinity.

And so to the Christmas Ball. Last-minute dashes with oven-hot turkeys from the nuns at Westminster Cathedral, and all-night sessions with the Bar Secretary(!)—cooking Scotch eggs, became things of the past, as Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen, a passionate Father Christmas, and singing carols in the snow, took us through to the small hours of the next morning, in a most enjoyable way.

There was one more event before Christmas: the (now annual) impromptu *Messiah* conducted by Peter Lea-Cox on Baker Street Underground. The performance was enjoyed by all, except one gentleman who went out of his way to rugby tackle the conductor. Had he realised he would then walk into an impassioned speech on the rich and mean privileged classes from our resident Plaid Cymru member, perhaps he would have done differently. Despite this, over £200 was collected for AFASIC, which was very commendable, except...what do you do with £200 worth of 10p pieces at 6pm on the day the Academy closed for a week at 5pm?

## The RAM Magazine

The *RAM Magazine* is published three times a year (in March, July and December) and is sent free to all members on the roll of the RAM Club and of the Students' Union. Copies may also be bought by non-members, price 50p per issue. Members are invited to send to the Editor news of their activities that may be of interest to readers, and the Editor is always glad to hear from members (and others) who would like to contribute longer articles, either on musical or on other topics. **Copy for the Spring issue should arrive no later than 1 January, for the Summer issue 1 April, and for the Autumn issue 1 September and, whenever possible, should be typed (double-spaced, one side of the page only), please.** All correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, RAM Magazine, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HT.

Some spare copies of issues 199-200, 202-3, and 205-21 are available, free of charge. Please send requests to the Editor.

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